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21

THE

# THE SPIRIT



Will E. FISHER  
'79

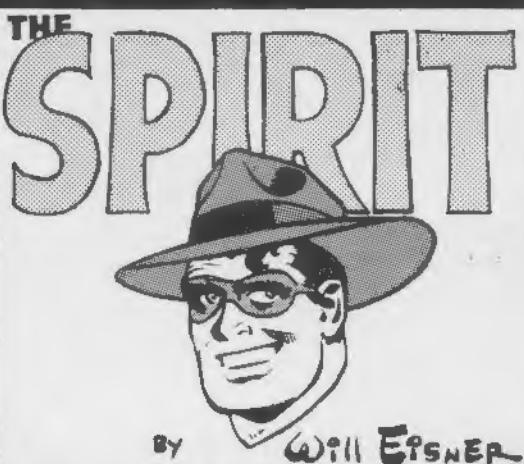
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# THE SPIRIT

By Will Eisner

Editor-in-Chief: WILL EISNER • Editor and Publisher: DENIS KITCHEN • Assistants: ARE YOU KIDDING?

## No. 21

Page 2... LETTERS

Page 3... ESSAY ON COMIC ART

Part Three. Will Eisner discusses "The Expression of Time."

Page 4... HANSEL UND GRETEL. One of The Spirit's "Favorite Fairy Tales for Juvenile Delinquents." Two of the wildest antagonists The Spirit has ever had to subdue. (Story approved by Jake the Goon.)

Page 11... Long before the world was frightened by the hydrogen or neutron bombs, tiny Greppany caused a brief panic with their announcement of the COSMIC ANSWER. And The Spirit must find the question...

Page 18... This story, No.1 in The Spirit's file of "Journeys into the Bizarre," introduces us to Maurice Maywee, a Frenchman with a bizarre curse indeed... the curse of THE INNER VOICE.

Page 25... LIFE ON ANOTHER PLANET, Chapter Three: "A New Form of Life." We are now running this serial in full-page format for easi-



er reading and to better showcase Will Eisner's art on this exciting new comic novella. If you missed the first two chapters, you should be able to obtain copies of The Spirit No.19 and 20 from your comics dealer (or use the coupon on the opposite page.)

Page 41... THE HAUNT. A Halloween tale chock full of real ghosts, fake ghosts, witches, Mr. Codger and, of course, The Spirit.

Page 48... OUTER SPACE: DP on the Moon. This is the second chapter of the Spirit stories rendered by Wally Wood. The Spirit and his convict crew land on the lunar surface, only to discover that unlikely visitors have preceded them. Continued next issue.

**THE SPIRIT** No.21. Published approximately quarterly by Kitchen Sink Enterprises, a division of Krupp Comic Works, Inc., P.O. Box 7, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968. Free Dealer's Catalog of over 150 different comix and other merchandise available to interested shop-owners and distributors. Phone (414) 295-3972. Entire contents copyright 1979 © by Will Eisner. All rights reserved throughout the world under Universal Copyright Convention. The Spirit is registered by the U.S. Patent Office, *Marca Registrada, Marque Deposée*. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without the written permission of the publisher, except for review purposes. First printing July 1979. Printed in U.S.A. Printing number 5 4 3 2 1.



## LETTERS

### WOULD SKIP A MEAL, BUT...

Out of love for the subject alone, I have one minor critique on your product. The price of a copy of *The Spirit* on this continent is the same as the price for a daily meal. I'm willing and eager to skip a meal for a *Spirit*, as many others would too, but *nobody* will be two copies in order to remove *Life on Another Planet* to make into a separate booklet (and keeping another copy intact.) It would be better to feature it normally, like the rest of your contents.

One other harmony-forsaking editorial deed is continuing the Eisner/Wood science fiction tale from one issue to the next. The Eisner works are not run-of-the-mill material. You undervalue it by marketing it in this manner. *Spirit* readers to not need the "to be continued" motive to purchase the next issue.

**R. Olaf Stoop**  
Dirk van Hasseltsteeg 25, Amsterdam, Holland

### DROP TEAR-OUT SECTION

The cover of No.20 was a splendid example of how a wraparound cover should be executed. The "front" half (with the *Spirit's* head just breaking water) was striking in itself, but a look at the "back" half (with a boatload of baddies searching the area) added to its impact.

The reprinted stories continue to be a joy, even for one such as myself who is too young for them to have a nostalgic effect. *Life on Another Planet* shows that Eisner has lost none of his uniqueness, although the properties defing that uniqueness have changed, or, more properly, evolved; but the constant in all of his work is his humanity (or humaneness) with his own peculiar manifestations of it.

I agree that the "tear out" format has got to go; it makes the story extremely difficult to read. And besides, how many people are going to rip apart a \$1.50 magazine just to achieve a separate "book" that is not fastened together, has no cover (i.e. no protection) and is of an awkward size? So, here's hoping you keep up this unusual (for you) publishing venture.

**"The Mad Maple"**  
Toronto, Ontario

### DAMN PULL-OUT SECTION!

Just bought *The Spirit* No.20. What can I say about *The Spirit* that nobody else has said about him? *The Spirit is the worst piece of trash ever created in the history of the comic book.* Now, what I just said isn't true, but you've got to admit—it's something about *The Spirit* nobody has ever said before!

The only bad thing about the mag is the damn pullout section! It's difficult to read without pulling the pages out, and I haven't the money to shell out on an extra copy! Indeed, how many readers will put up with this?

I also disapprove of the essays on comic art. They are too dull and technical for my tastes—and friends agree. I would rather see an editorial or an extended letters page. A quarterly magazine should have at least two pages of letters.

**Gary Dunaier**  
67-18 Parsons Boulevard, Flushing, NY 11365

### CHANGE TEAR-OUT FORMAT

*The Spirit* was always one of my favorite comics when I lived in Australia. And it was, fortunately, the only American comic I could lay my hands on in this part of Holland. So I was greatly disappointed when it was discontinued. Yesterday I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw *The Spirit* No.20 in a "Pop Art" store in my town. I think your version of the magazine is better than Warren's. The art is clearer, covers are better, and the magazine isn't cluttered up with ads. One complaint: The tear-out format of *Life on Another Planet* series. It's great to see new Eisner stuff, but it's hard to appreciate in this format. Please do something about it!

**David Scherpenhuizen**  
Silvanushof 9, Maastricht, Holland

**Olaf, 'Mad Maple,' Gary, David, and the many others who have written to complain about the "tear-out" section: It has been discontinued. *Life on Another Planet* will appear in this and subsequent issues in full-page glory.**

### EPIC PROPORTIONS

*Life on Another Planet* is truly, even more so than *A Contract With God*, a graphic novel. It's surely a story of epic proportions. And Jim Bludd, Eisner's new protagonist? Bludd's just not another *Spirit*, but a character with his own personality, which shows that Eisner is as inventive as ever. We don't know much about Bludd yet, but after all, only the first two chapters have appeared and, as Eisner has said, he's just "gonna let it happen."

Two questions: Just how long will the story be, and will it eventually be published as a complete novel?

**Randy Reynaldo**  
865 Dearborn Place, Gilroy, California 95020

### SPIRIT MOVIE CAST

I like the new game, "Cast the Spirit movie." Here's my suggested cast:

*The Spirit*.....James Garner  
(or, if he's getting too old for the part,  
Christopher Reeve.)

*Ellen Dolan*.....Meredith Baxter Birney  
*Comm. Dolan*.....Arthur O'Connell  
*Klink*.....Jon Voight  
*P'Gell*.....Marisa Berenson

**Alan Wassilak**  
466 Commonwealth, Boston, Mass. 02215

### ANOTHER

Here's my ideal *Spirit* cast:

*The Spirit*.....James Garner  
*Ellen Dolan*.....Mary Tyler Moore  
*Inspector Dolan*.....Will Eisner

*P'Gell*.....Diana Rigg  
*Silk Satin*.....Ellen Brennan  
*Sand Saref*.....Lauren Bacall

*The Octopus*.....Victor Buono  
*Ebony*.....Gary Coleman

**Tim Yore**  
796 Washington Street, Bedford, Ohio 44146

### MORE SPIRIT, LESS FILLER

I agree with comments made in two letters in issue No.19. I want to see more *Spirit* for my money. *Clifford* is no good. Why not print non-Eisner *Spirits* instead? Also, can't you print some early Eisner stories from 1941 and 1942? More *Spirit* --from whatever the source--and less of the other filler stuff!

**L.J. Adler**  
324 East 74th, New York, NY 10021

### MAGICAL PERFECT BLEND

I was disheartened when Warren ceased publishing *The Spirit*, but I'm delighted to see you continue issuing his exploits. It is an amazing thing when one considers that Eisner's stories are just as relevant and entertaining today as they were 20 or 30 years ago.

Eisner was (and still is) a graphic genius and a master of moody scenery. There is just something magical about the stories he writes, which are a perfect blend of humor, satire and seriousness. I guess maybe that's why they have survived the test of time so well.

I really love the new wraparound color covers, and I'm curious as to whether you plan to include any color stories in upcoming issues.

**Kevin McConnell**  
118 Main Avenue, Warren, PA 16365

**Kevin—Our circulation would have to increase substantially to offset the high cost of interior color.**

Please address your letters of comment to:

**THE SPIRIT**  
P.O. Box 7  
Princeton, Wisconsin 54968

The phenomenon of duration and its experience—commonly stated as “time”—is a dimension integral to sequential art. In the universe of human consciousness it combines with space in a kind of interdependence wherein conceptions, actions, motions and movement have a meaning and are measured by our perception of their relationship to each other.

Because we are immersed throughout our lives in a sea of space-time, a large part of our earliest learning is devoted to the comprehension of these dimensions. Space is mostly measured and perceived visually. Time is more illusory; we measure and perceive it through the memory of experience. In primitive societies the movement of the sun, the growth of vegetation or the changes of climate were employed to measure time visually. Modern civilization has developed a mechanical device, the clock, to help us measure time visually. The importance of this to human beings cannot be underestimated. Not only does the measurement of time have an enormous psychological impact, but it enables us to deal with the real business of living. In modern society one might even say that it is instrumental to survival. In comics it is essential to its structure.

In the art of communication among people, the ability to conceive time is critical to its success. It is in this dimension of human understanding that enables us to recognize and be empathetic to surprise, humor, terror and the whole range of human experience. Here, in this theater of our comprehension, the graphic story teller plies his art. At the heart of visual communication is the employment of visual symbols in an arrangement or sequence that relies upon the commonality of perception. It becomes “real” when time and timing is factored into the creation. In music or the other forms of auditory communication where rhythm or “beat” is achieved, it is done with actual length of time. In graphics this experience is conveyed by the use of illusions and symbols.

In the modern comic strip or comic book, the device most fundamental to the transmission of this conception is the panel or frame or box. These lines drawn around the depiction of a scene, which act as a containment of the action or segment of action, have as one of their functions the task of separating or parsing the total statement. Balloons, another containment device used for the entrapment of the representation of speech and sound, are also useful in the delineation of time. The other natural phenomena, movement or transitory occurrences deployed within the perimeter of these borders and depicted by recognizable symbols, become part of the vocabulary used in the expression of time. They are indispensable to the story teller, particularly when he is seeking to involve the reader. Where narrative art seeks to go beyond simple decoration, where it presumes to imitate reality in a meaningful chain of events and consequences and thereby evoke empathy, the dimension of time is an inescapable ingredient.

### The Panel

Albert Einstein in his Special Theory (Relativity) states that time is not absolute but relative to the position of the observer. In essence the panel (or box) makes that postulate a reality for the comic book reader. The act of paneling or boxing the action not only defines its perimeters but establishes the position of the reader in relation to the scene and indicates the duration of the event. Indeed, it “tells” time. The magnitude of time elapsed is not expressed by the panel *per se* as an examination of blank boxes in a series quickly reveals. The imposition of the imagery within the frame of the panels acts as the catalyst. The fusing of symbols, images and balloons makes the statement. Indeed, very often in some applications of the frame, the line of the box is eliminated entirely with equal effectiveness. The act of framing separates the scenes and acts as a punctuator. Once established and set in sequence the box or panel becomes the criterion in the illusion of time.

### The Balloon

The balloon is a desperation device. It attempts to capture and make visible an ethereal element: sound. The arrangement of balloons which surround speech—their position in relation to each other or to the action or their position with respect to the speaker—contribute to the measurement of time. They are disciplinary in that they demand cooperation of the reader. They require that they be read in a prescribed sequence in order to know who speaks first. They address our subliminal understanding of the duration of speech.

Both of these critical devices, when enclosing natural phenomena, support the recognition of time. J. B. Priestley, writing in *Man and Time*, summed it up most succinctly: “...it is from the sequence of events that we derive our idea of time.”



The reader's orientation, the knowledge of how long it takes a drop of water to fall from the faucet, modified by the number of panels, helps measure the time elapsed. This reinforces the burning down of the fuse. In fact, one could even comprehend the time element without depicting the fuse.

THE SPIRIT'S  
FAVORITE

# Fairy Tales for Juvenile Delinquents

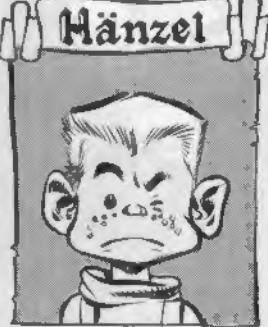
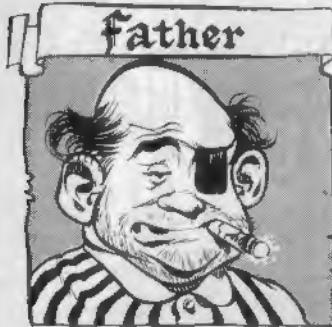
By Will Eisner

## Hänsel und Gretel

THIS IS A PUBLIC SERVICE FEATURE AND IS BASED UPON THE REQUESTS OF PUBLIC-MINDED CITIZENS WHO FEEL THAT JUVENILE CRIME IS LARGEMLY A RESULT OF DEFICIENCY IN THE WHOLESOME LITERATURE WE USED TO ENJOY. THE AUTHOR (WHO BELIEVES 'TIS BETTER LATE THAN NEVER) IS GLAD TO COOPERATE. HE HOPES TO "REACH" THOSE STRAYED LITTLE LAMBS AND PERHAPS FILL A GAP IN THEIR TWISTED LIVES.

\* This adaptation has the approval of the Waterfront Protective A.C. and Social Club and is heartily indorsed by its president, Jake the Goon, who has just signed a long-term contract with the state.

**O**nce upon a time there lived, in Central City, a poor hijacker named FOSGNOV SLASH... he had come upon hard times and so lived in abject poverty with his two children and their stepmother, a former première danseuse at the Gaiety, named MINNIE the MINK.



Papa Fosgnov loved his little family and tried to provide as best he could...

But a temporary recession had set in...

and things were mighty tough.



WHAT! THE SPIRIT OUTSMARTED YA AGAIN? ~~COOTIE~~ DIS IS DE FOURTH JOB YA SNAFFED UP IN 6 WEEKS... YOU BETTER LAY LOW ... Y'R HOTTER'N A SIDEWALK IN LIMBO!

... BUT MINNIE... WHO'S GONNA SCROUNGE OUR GRUB AND MOVIE MONEY?

WHO DO YA THINK, BRAT? YOU! NOW GET OUT AND GATHER SOME LETTUCE OR I'LL POUND Y'R CUTE LITTLE HEADS TO A ROTTEN PULP!

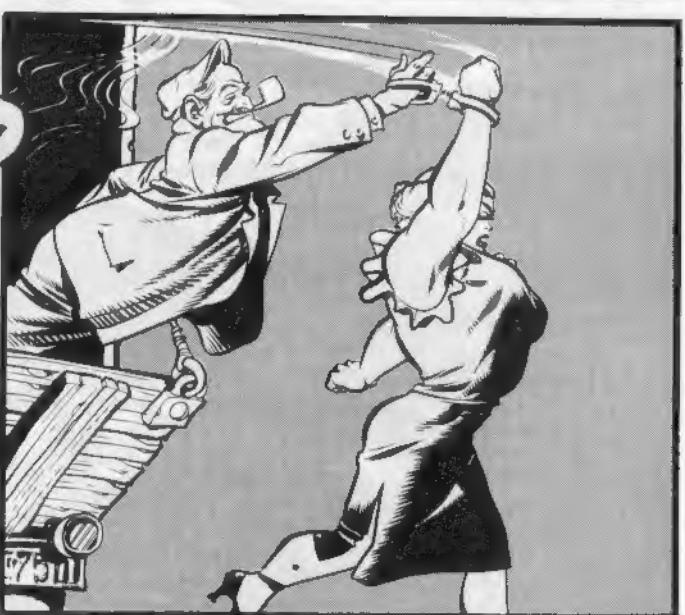
... AW MINNIE LAY OFFA 'EM, CAN'TCHA? AAAH Y'FODDER'S MOUSTACHE!

**B**ut try as they might to imitate their father's ways, the poor little tykes were unsuccessful.

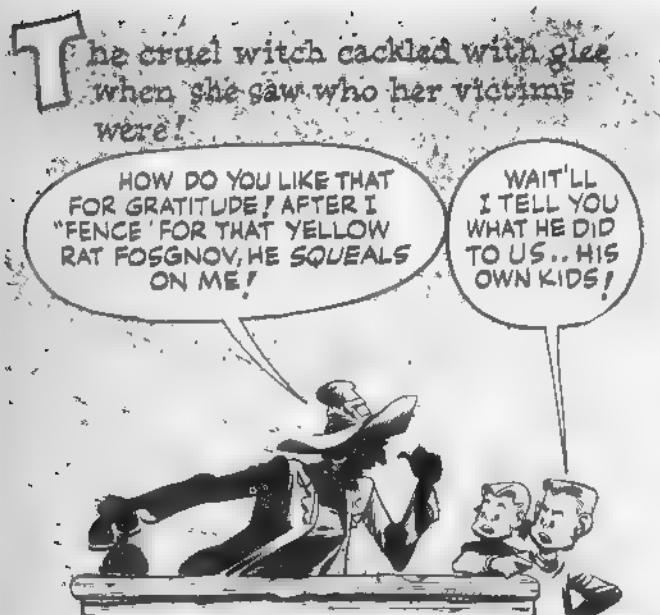
STICK 'EM UP  
AND WALK INTO THAT ALLEY!



**S**o the next day the cruel step-mother and the weak hijacker led the little children into the market, where they told them to stay...







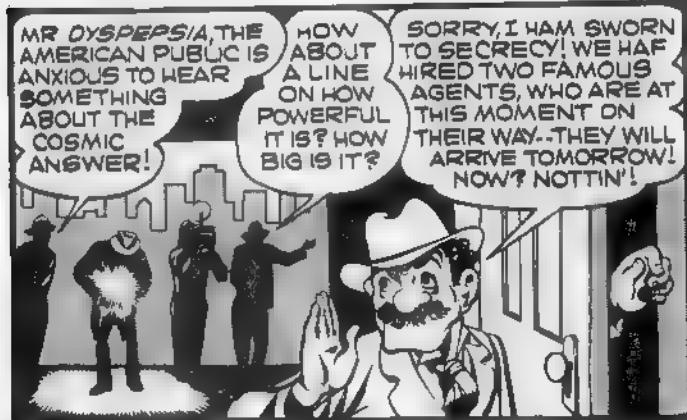


# THE COSMIC ANSWER



The first I heard . . . . was in a small news item on the export page of the CENTRAL CITY DAILY... a small BALKAN province, PAZVANY or GRAVANY.. or something that sounds like that, announced that it had ready for export a formula they called the answer to THE ATOMIC BOMB! Their representative in CENTRAL CITY even announced he would give it to the UNITED NATIONS sub. committee that was in CENTRAL CITY on a real estate deal!

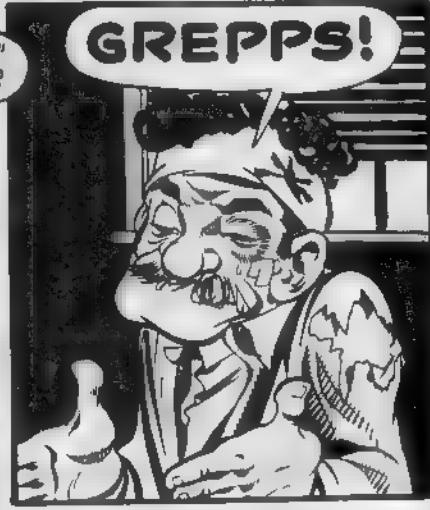
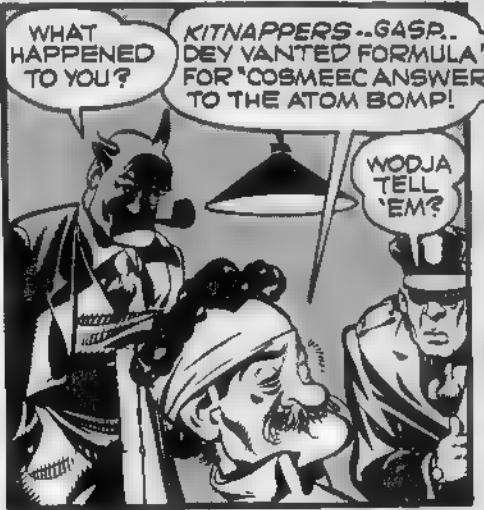
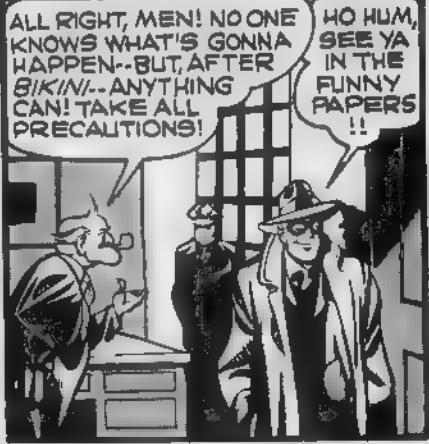
NATURALLY THEIR "COSMIC ANSWER" BECAME NEWS AND THE PAPERS GAVE IT ALL THE PLAY THEY COULD... EVEN OUR GANGSTERS BECAME INTERESTED!



VERY INTERESTED.  
IN FACT!

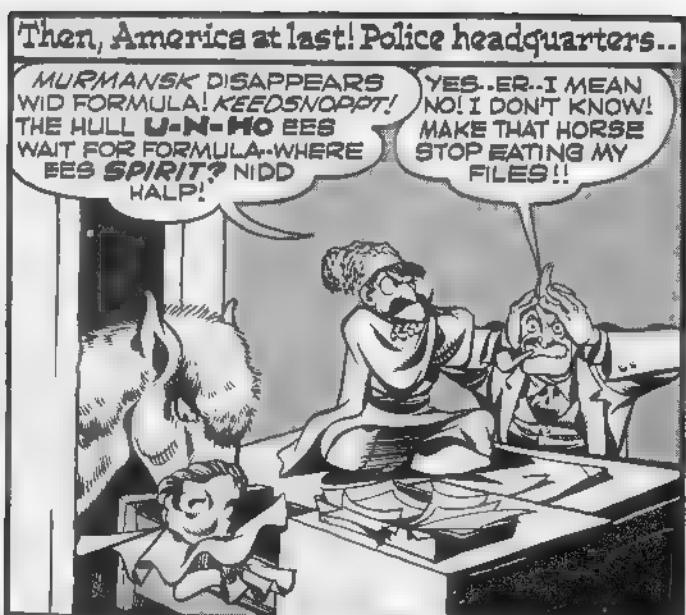


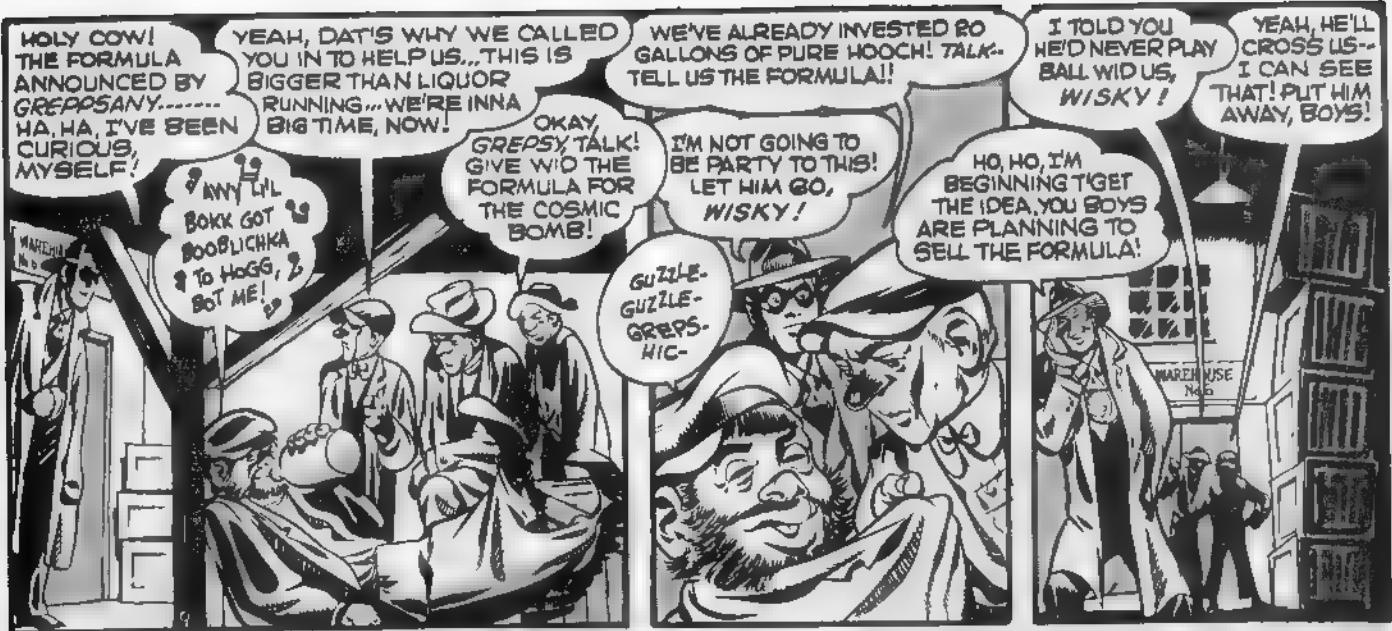
.AS FOR ME, I WAS STILL QUITE WEAK FROM THE BEATING I TOOK IN THE DAWS CASE A WEEK BEFORE... AND, I WANTED TO LOOK UP "WISKY"!

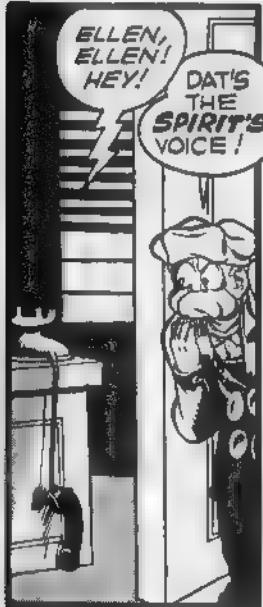


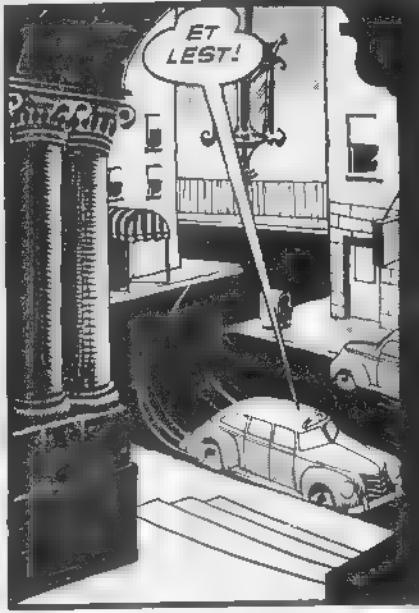
...and so, while the world waits, three hired delegates leave Greppsany for America with that nation's "cosmic answer"!

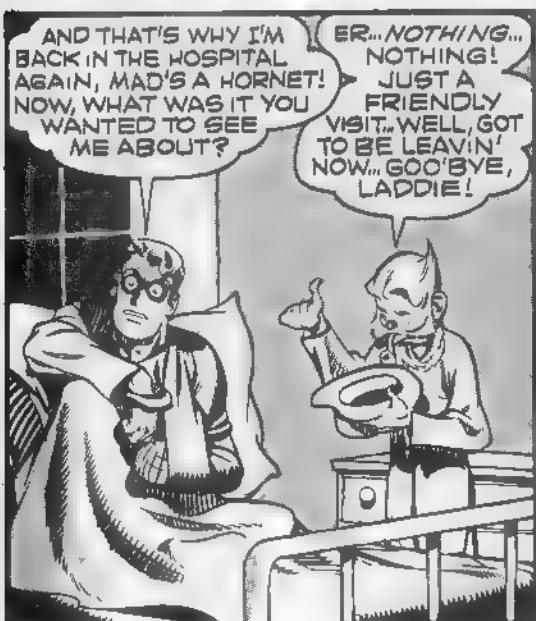












# The Inner Voice



Diary *inner voice* File No. 1  
It was a hot August day...not unlike this one! Most of the city folks were away for the weekend and I, having sought the subterranean coolness of my WILLOWOOD hideaway, was comfortably settled...with one of EBONY's iced lemonades!

Nothing, I was sure, would have the energy to defy this heat! My surprise, therefore, was loaded with annoyance when the secret bugger (that keeps me in touch with DOLAN's office), made like an angry bee in my ear! But I had to go, for DOLAN never used this save for EMERGENCIES!

AT HEADQUARTERS, DOLAN DROPPED THE THING IN MY LAP? IN THE COURSE OF A SEARCH FOR ANDRE BOUCHARD, THE NOTORIOUS CHARLATAN, THEY HAD COME UPON A MAN WHO HEARD A VOICE... INSIDE HIM! THE MAN'S NAME WAS MAURICE MAYWEE AND I FOUND HIM IN A STUFFY HOUSE ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE!

AH, SHADDAH BAMBIN...  
SLOP YOU HAD  
EEN!



THE STORY REALLY BEGINS DURING THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR...ABOUT 1936! ANDRÉ AND I WERE FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF THE LOYALISTS...THAT IS, WE WERE PRETENDING TO! ACTUALLY, WE WERE THERE FOR THE PLUNDER...AND THERE WAS MUCH TO LOOT WHEN THE MOB FINISHED WITH A FASCIST'S CASTLE!



WE KNEW THAT THIS WAS JUST THE FIRST ACT IN A NEW WORLD WAR, SO WE VOWED AN OATH TO GO AWAY AND RETURN WHEN THE WARS WERE OVER! LET THE NATIONS SMASH EACH OTHER TO BITS...WE WOULD BE THE TWO WEALTHIEST MEN IN THE WORLD AT THE END!



MR. ANDRÉ...AHEM...ANDRÉ WAS LEFT BEHIND.....



SO WHILE THE FOOLS FOUGHT A HOPELESS CAUSE, ANDRÉ AND I SYSTEMATICALLY BURIED A VAST HOARD OF TREASURE IN THE PYRENEES! WE BURIED A STRONG BOX OF STEEL AND CONCRETE...AND MADE ONLY TWO KEYS, OF GOLD...ONE FOR HIM AND ONE FOR ME!



THREE DAYS LATER, WE MADE A LOYALIST AIRDROME THAT WAS UNDER ATTACK! WE RACED FOR THE LAST PLANE OUT...



...AND WITH HIS CUSTOMARY LACK OF GRACIOUSNESS, HE SWORE UPON ME A TERRIBLE CURSE!



WELL...SIGH...THE NAZIS GOT ANDRÉ AND THE FRENCH ARMY DRAFTED ME! AND WHEN THE MAGINOT LINE WAS FLANKED A FEW YEARS LATER, I WAS SHREWD ENOUGH TO ESCAPE!



SACRÉ BLEU! IT WAS A RAT'S LIFE THAT FOLLOWED FOR ME...BUT, I HAD TO REMAIN ALIVE! I HAD TO! SO I SOLD INFORMATION...TO BOTH SIDES!



WELL, ALL WENT WELL UNTIL THE ALLIES LANDED AT NORMANDY AND THE INVASION SEEMED EFFECTIVE! I TRIED TO ESCAPE TO ALLIED LINES... BUT, I WAS SHOT BY A SENTRY!



BUT, SINCE I WAS A VALUABLE AGENT TO THE NAZIS, THEY DECIDED TO SAVE MY LIFE!

THEY BROUGHT IN A MAN...AND THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS!



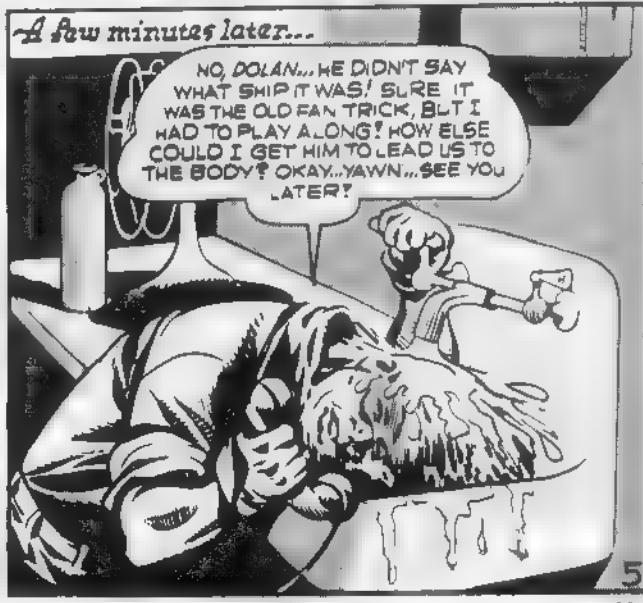
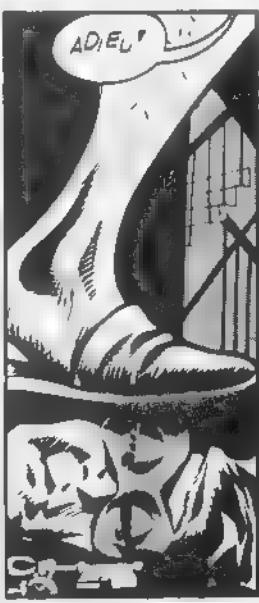
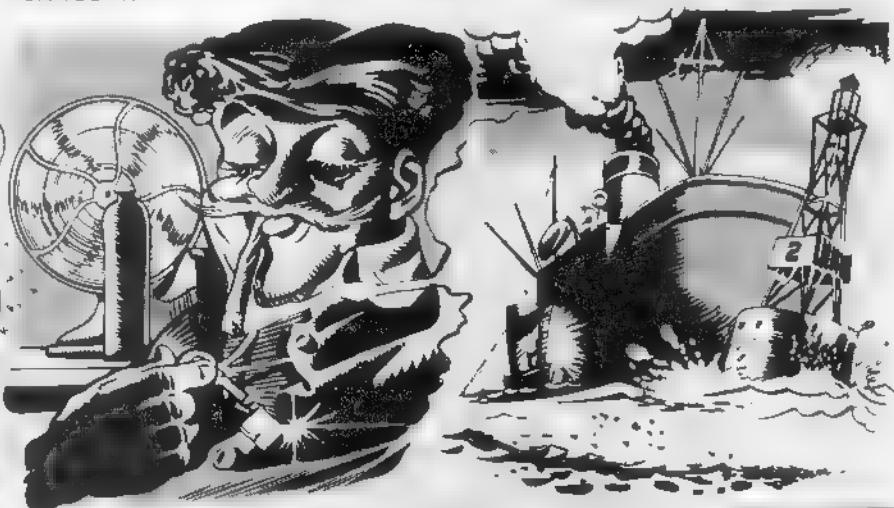
WHEN I AWOKE, I TURNED TO THANK THE DONOR WHO SAVED MY LIFE! NOM DU CHIEN...IT WAS ANDRÉ!



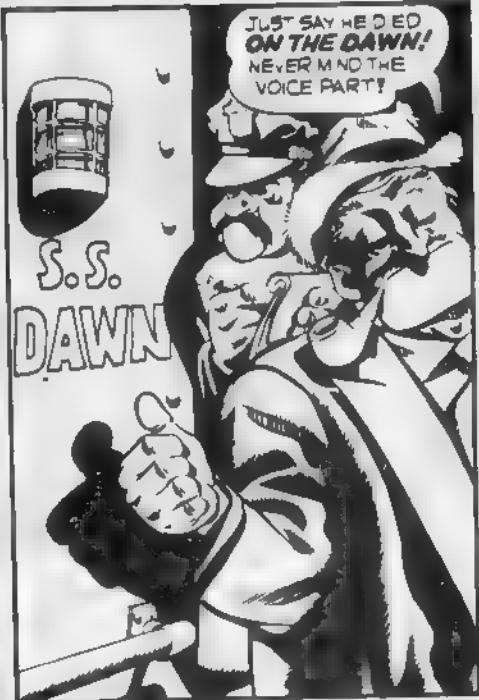
I WENT BACK TO GERMANY WITH THE NAZIS UNTIL THE WAR'S END.. THEN, I ESCAPED TO AMERICA AND DISCOVERED THAT ANDRÉ WAS HERE, TOO... WORKING A PHONY FORTUNE-TELLING RACKET! I HAD A PLAN... I CALLED ANDRÉ.....

CUNNINGLY, I PLACED A FAN BEHIND A BOTTLE OF ANAESTHETIC.. JUST LIKE THE ONE I HAVE ARRANGED FOR YOU....

IT WAS EASY! WHEN HE PASSED OUT, I KILLED HIM AND PLACED HIM IN THE SHIP I'VE ENGAGED.. NOW I HAVE BOTH KEYS!







# LIFE ON ANOTHER PLANET 3

## NEW FEDERAL AGENCY NAMED TO PROBE SPACE MESSAGE

The U.S. Government has officially acknowledged today that the brief message received early this year from an unknown planet in space is genuine.

Accordingly, it has set up an ancillary agency to NASA for the purpose of furthering our attempt to make contact with what appears to be intelligent life on a distant planet.

In a speech at the Smithsonian the President stated that the existence of extraterrestrial life is a political matter rather than a scientific one and must be very carefully pursued.

Ever since the New Mexico Mesa tracking station first received the series of simple mathematical pulses, there has been a rising ground-swell of interest.

## A NEW FORM OF LIFE

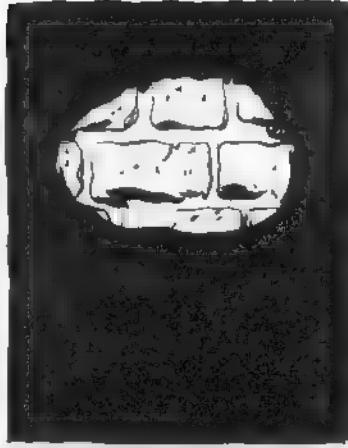
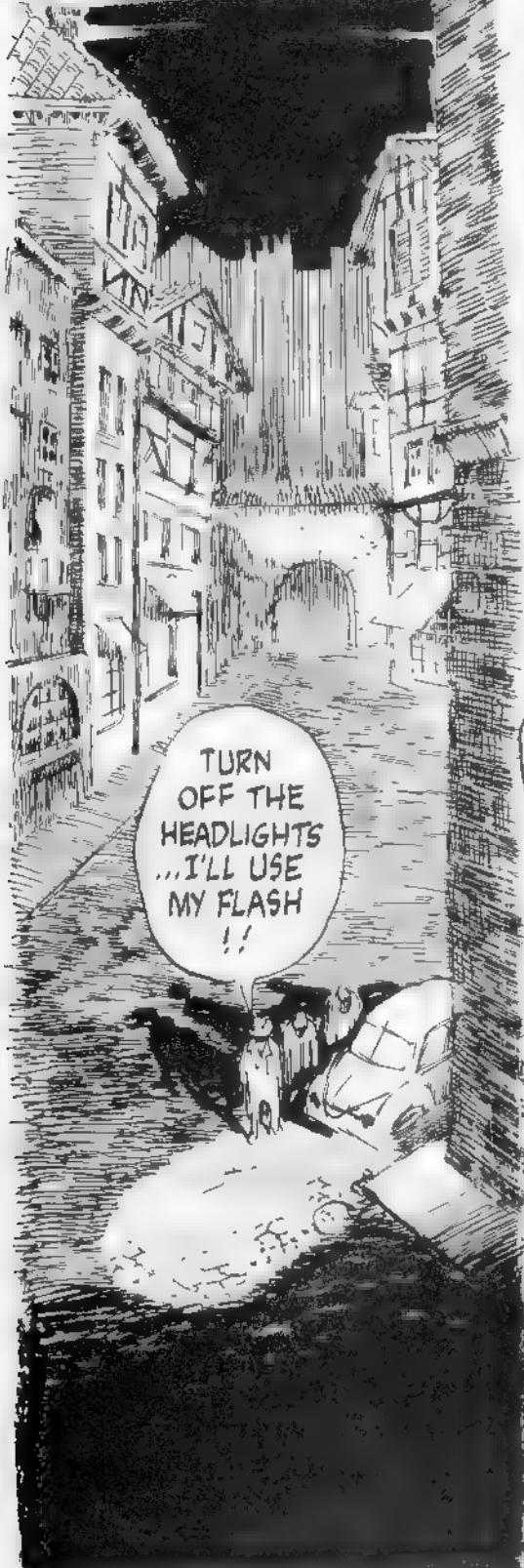
GILL EISNER '79







# GERMANY



I'VE GOT MALLEY  
AND ARGANO... I  
BROUGHT THEM OUT  
AS I PROMISED,  
BLUDD!!



I THOUGHT YOU  
DIED IN THE FIRE  
BACK IN NEW  
MEXICO...HOW?

NEVERMIND...  
IM HERE TO GET  
YOU AND WHAT  
YOU KNOW BACK  
TO THE STATES!

HOLD ON, BLUDD...WE  
GOT A GOOD DEAL GOING  
- THE SOVIETS GIVE US A  
GOOD LAB... STATUS...

WE'RE  
NOT  
ABOUT  
TO TRADE  
THAT FOR  
PRISON  
BACK  
IN THE  
STATES!

WE'LL  
MAKE  
A DEAL!

JUST TELL ME  
WHAT YOU'VE GIVEN  
THEM....

...EVERYTHING WE KNOW...  
THE SIGNAL...THE FIX...THE  
FREQUENCY...THEY'RE SURE  
THERE'S INTELLIGENT LIFE  
OUT THERE AND THEY AIM  
TO BE THE FIRST TO  
MAKE CONTACT...

FOR OPENERS  
THEY'LL SEND  
BACK THE  
SAME SIGNAL!

BUT, IT'LL  
TAKE YEARS...  
HOW'RE  
THEY GOING  
TO CUT  
TRANSMISSION  
TIME?

EVER HEAR  
OF NUTRINOS  
?

IN ILLINOIS-EARLY 1977,  
A TEAM OF PHYSICISTS  
MEASURED A STREAM OF  
CHARGED PROTONS COMING  
FROM THE FERMILAB'S  
ACCELERATOR---  
MILES AWAY!...

THEY DISCOVERED  
THAT THE PROTONS  
HAD PASSED RIGHT  
THROUGH EVERY HILL  
OR NATURAL OBSTACLE  
AT THE SPEED  
OF LIGHT...

UPON ENTERING  
A WATER TOWER  
CONSTRUCTED  
TO TRAP AND  
MEASURE THEM,  
THEY CHANGED  
INTO  
NEUTRINOS!!

CONCLUSION:

NEUTRINOS CAN GO  
THROUGH ANYTHING... SPACE  
DEBRIS, ASTEROIDS, PLANETS  
...AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT!  
THE RUSSIANS HAVE DECIDED  
TO USE THEM FOR  
COMMUNICATING WITH  
THE STAR...

DAMN!

BY GOD... THEY'RE  
WELL AHEAD OF US!



ARGANO!  
I'VE GOT  
TO GET  
A LOOK AT  
THOSE  
CALCULATIONS  
!!

THAT MEANS  
GOING INTO  
RUSSIA...

LISTEN,  
BLUDD...  
YOU  
DIDN'T  
BARGAIN  
FOR THIS  
...IT'S  
DANGEROUS  
!!

I'M  
HOOKED  
NOW...  
THERE'S  
NO OTHER  
WAY!!  
TOMKINS!

BLUDD!

ARGANO!

THAT MEANS

GOING INTO

RUSSIA...

LISTEN,

BLUDD...

YOU

DIDN'T

BARGAIN

FOR THIS

...IT'S

DANGEROUS

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BLUDD!

ARGANO!

THAT MEANS

GOING INTO

RUSSIA...

LISTEN,

BLUDD...

YOU

DIDN'T

BARGAIN

FOR THIS

...IT'S

DANGEROUS

!!

ALL MY  
NOTES ARE  
IN MY ROOM  
BACK IN  
MOSCOW!

OKAY... HERE'S  
HOW WE PLAY IT...  
ARGANO GOES  
WITH BLUDD...  
I KEEP MALLEY  
HERE -AS HOSTAGE  
!!

HOW DO I  
GET OUT  
AFTERWARD,  
TOMKIN?

I'LL COME  
GET YOU...  
I'LL WAIT  
FOR YOU  
IN THIS LITTLE  
TOWN NEAR  
THE BORDER,  
BLUDD!!

HERE'S A MAP  
...SEE, THIS IS  
GORKY STREET  
... I'LL GIVE YOU  
72 HOURS TO GET  
IN, PHOTOGRAPH  
THE DATA AND  
GET BACK TO  
RENDEZVOUS!

OKAY, ARGANO... IT'S YOUR  
BALL NOW... ANYTHING  
HAPPENS TO BLUDD-I'LL  
WASTE YOUR PAL, MALLEY!

OKAY,  
TOMKINS...  
NO SWEAT!

LET'S GO, BLUDD  
MOVE SLOWLY... ONCE WE'RE  
PAST THE BORDER I'LL DO  
ALL THE TALKING-KEEP  
YOUR FACE DOWN...

INCREDIBLE!

CROWBEN WAS RIGHT!  
IT WORKS... WE'VE GOT A  
PLANT'S DNA ISOLATED  
NOW,... WE CAN PERFORM  
A SIMPLE MUTATION ...  
WITH A HUMAN  
CELL... SEE ??

PERFECT  
PERFECT!!

NOW  
WE HAVE  
A  
PROBLEM!

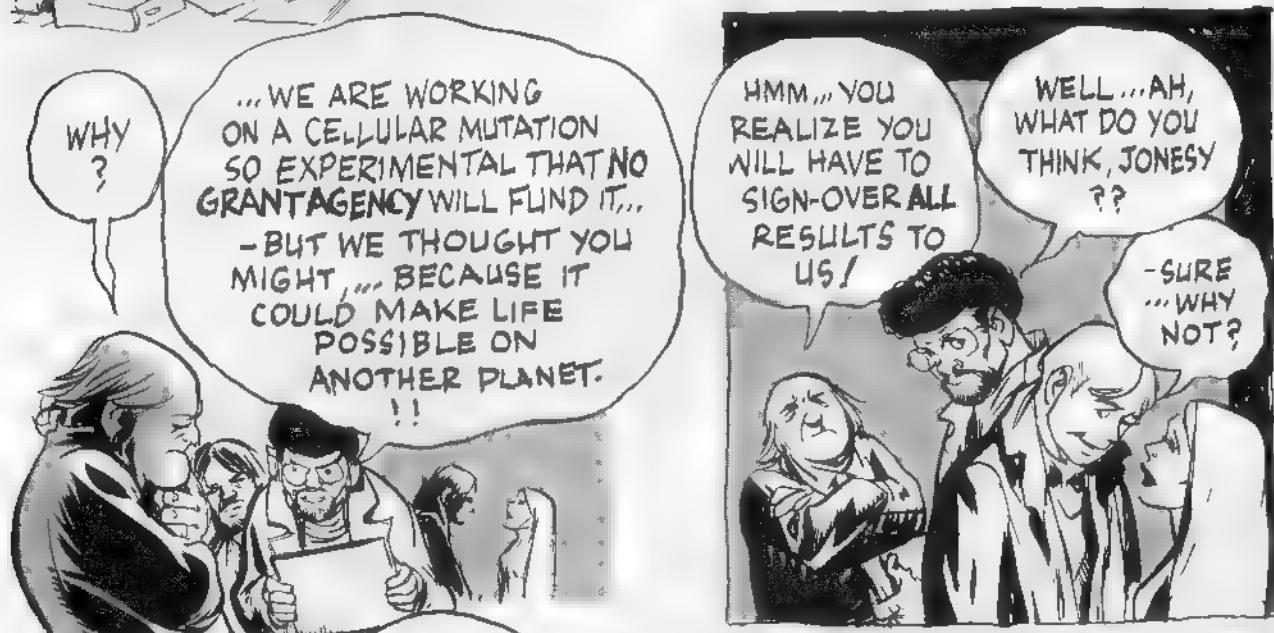
RIGHT!-  
WE'LL  
NEED TO  
INCUBATE THE  
NEW CELL...  
WE'LL NEED  
A LAB AND  
A SECRET  
PLACE TO  
DO IT!

...AND  
THAT'LL TAKE  
BIG MONEY...  
A GRANT FROM  
SOMEONE WHO  
BELIEVES...  
NOT EASY...

I THINK I'VE  
GOT THE SOLUTION!

STAR PEOPLE  
WEALTHY -  
CULT GROUP  
GROWING

STAR PEOPLE  
DEMONSTRATE  
CULT WEALTH  
TOO VAST?





KEEP AWAY  
FROM... THE WINDOW...  
BLUDD... THIS IS MOSCOW  
ANY ODD MOVEMENT WILL  
CAUSE SUSPICION...

OKAY,  
ARGANO...  
LET'S SEE  
THE PAPERS!

HERE  
WE'VE GOT  
ALL THE  
COMPUTATIONS  
DONE...

HURRY,  
FER'CHRIST  
SAKE...  
SOMEONE'S  
COMING!!

HERE'S YOUR  
CAMERA... I'LL  
KEEP THE FILM!

GET  
IN  
THE  
CLOSET!

DARLING!!

HOW'D THINGS  
GO AT THE BUREAU  
TODAY, NADIA?

NADIA  
?

NADIA!

WAIT,  
NADIA....

BLUDD!!...  
SO YOU DIDN'T  
DIE IN THE FIRE!

OBVIOUSLY... SO,  
EX-MISS BOWEN IS  
ARGANO'S LOVER  
... NEAT...



YOU... YOU TRAITOR!!  
AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR  
YOU... I KEPT YOU OUT  
OF THE K.G.B.'S HANDS...  
I GOT YOU PRIVILEGES!

PLEASE  
LISTEN!

DO YOU REALIZE  
WHAT THIS WILL  
DO TO ME... MY  
CAREER... MY LIFE!

QUIET,  
NADIA-  
QUIET!

I'M GOING  
TO CALL  
THE K.G.B.  
\*

NADIA  
QUIET!  
NADIA  
NADIA...  
NADIA...

GLAK

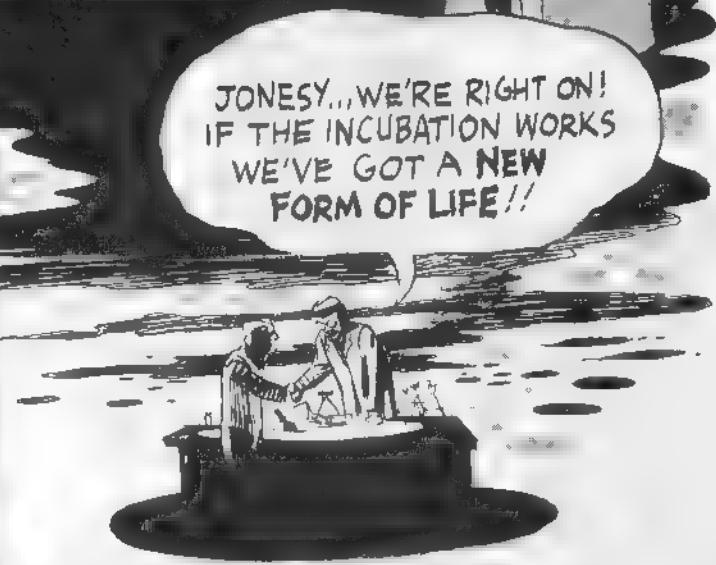
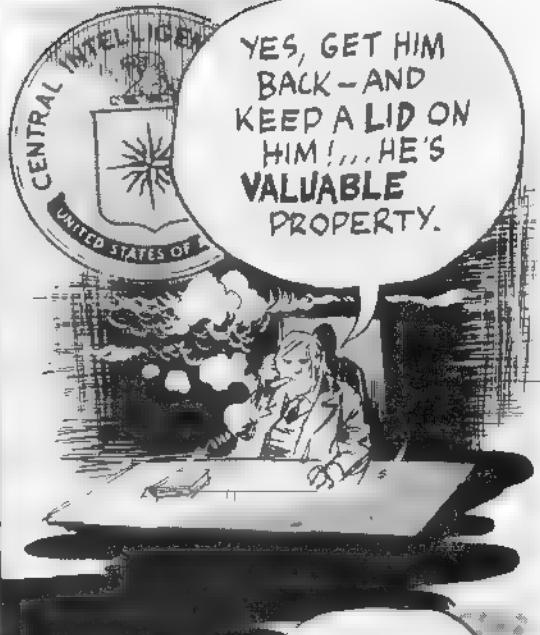
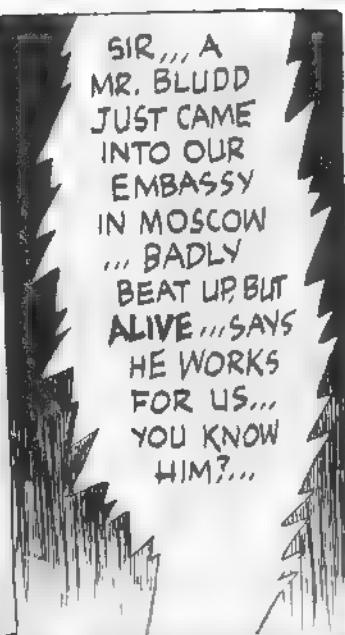
GET OUT  
OF HERE,  
BLUDD!

LOOKS  
LIKE BOTH  
OF US  
HAVE TO  
GET OUT-  
FAST!









To be Continued Next Issue...

# THE HAUNTED HALLOWEEN



Maybe there are such things as molecules, high frequency current, and radioactive atomic waves....and maybe there aren't! Personally, we firmly believe in haunts and little people!

WE MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT... HALLOWEEN, GOOD OL' FASHIONED HALLOWEEN, HAS REACHED A CRISIS... TIME WAS WHEN I COULD SCARE THE SOCKS OFF OF THE LITTLE BRATS... BUT NOW... GO "BOO" AT A SHAVER WHO IS EXPOSED TO ATOM BOMBS AND SUPER-SONIC SPEED PLANES... IT DON'T IMPRESS 'EM...

...AND NOW, TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, THERE'S A HOUSING SHORTAGE!!









Meanwhile...outside...

NOW, **ELLEN**...WHY DID YOU HAVE TO TAG ALONG? IF OLD MAN **CODJER** IS BLACK MARKETEERING, THERE'LL BE A FIGHT AND...

I'M ONLY GOING ALONG TO MAKE PLANS FOR THE INTERIOR DECORATIONS! THE LADIES AID SOCIETY HAS APPOINTED ME!



IT MIGHT INTEREST YOUR LADIES AID TO KNOW THAT WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOT THE HOUSE YET!!

OH, **SPIRIT!** DON'T BE SO PRACTICAL!!



Back at the haunted house...



NOW, LOOK HERE MY DEAR **TEEBONE!**  
I REALIZE YOU'RE ONLY A THUG  
BUT YOU MUST LEARN THAT GHOSTS  
DO NOT EXIST! THEY ARE LEGENDS  
CREATED BY THE PEOPLE  
BACK IN THE MIDDLE  
AGES!



IN THOSE DAYS THE  
POOR IGNORANT SERF,  
WHO HAD TO FIND  
SOME EXPLANATION  
FOR MISERY, MADE  
UP THINGS LIKE  
WITCHES AND  
GHOSTS AND...



AND... MR. TEEBONE? MR. TEEBONE!!  
**TEEBONE!!**





Several days later... DOLAN'S house....

...AND THE CITIZENS OF CENTRAL CITY SHOULD GIVE A CHEER FOR MR. CODJER FOR HIS SALE AT BELOW CEILING OF HIS HOUSE ON...

WHY THE OLD SCOUNDREL!

WHAT NERVE! TAKING CREDIT FOR THAT...

AREN'T YOU GOING TO TURN HIM IN TO THE POLICE, MIST' SPIRIT? US JUNIOR DEPUTIES GOT EVYDENSE...

NO... THE G.I.'S NOW HAVE A HOME AND MR. CODJER IS SUPPLYING THEM WITH LUMBER AT FAIR PRICES!

AS FOR THE OLD MAN, I SERIOUSLY WONDER WHETHER HE'S REALLY ENJOYING HIS FREEDOM!!



ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT THIS AIN'T LIKE HOLLO HALL... NO CREAKING FLOORING... NO LOOSE SHUTTERS... NO CHAINS OR COBWEBS!!

OH, STOP GRIPING! IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING!

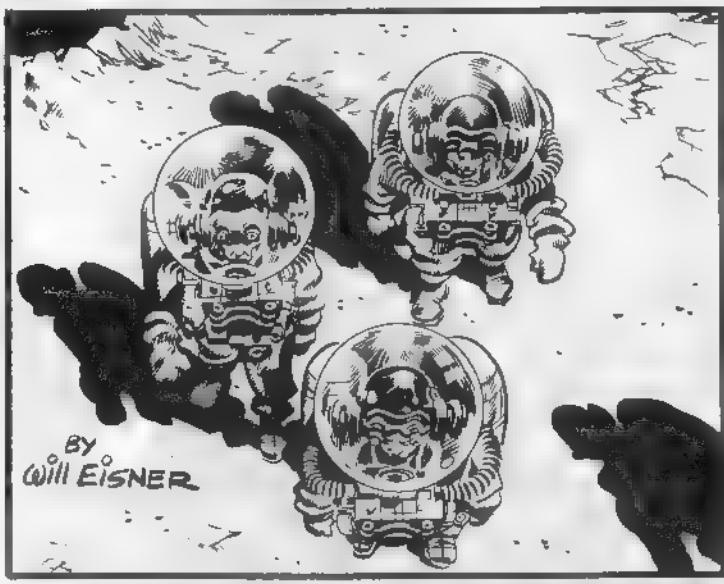
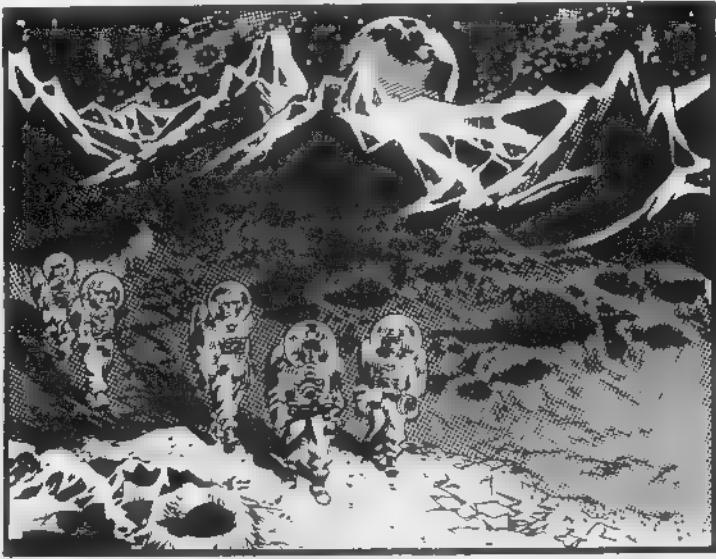
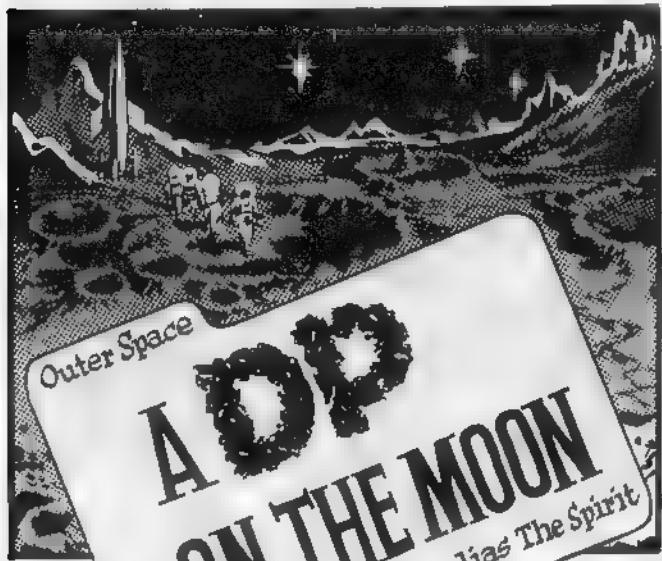
WE COULD ALWAYS GET A JOB WITH A CLAIRVOYANT!

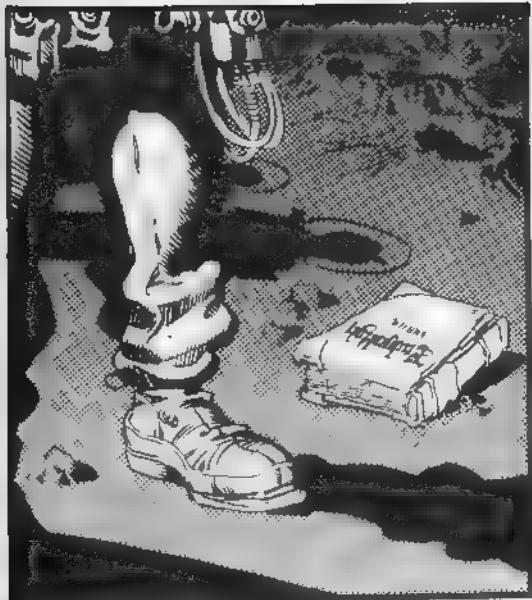
SEE? THERE THEY GO AGAIN! DOCTOR!! EVER SINCE THEY REBUILT HOLLO HALL... VOICES... FOOTSTEPS... GHOSTS!! I'M GOING MAD!

PUDDYFOOF, MY DEAR MR. CODJER! THERE ARE NO VOICES! IMAGINATION, THAT'S ALL! NOW TAKE THIS THREE TIMES A DAY... YOU'LL BE FINE IN A WEEK!!



THIS IS THE SECOND STORY IN THE SERIES OF WEEKLY SPIRIT SECTIONS THAT WERE RENDERED BY WALLY WOOD. WHILE THE COMPOSITIONS AND THE STORY AS WELL AS THE DIALOG WERE PRODUCED BY JULES FEIFFER AND WILL EISNER, THE MAGNIFICENT HARDWARE AND SPACE MACHINERY ARE ALL WOOD'S. THIS IS ALL THE MORE REMARKABLE WHEN ONE REALIZES THAT THIS WORK WAS PRODUCED IN 1952.





ya es tarde, y las solo quedan emocinante calles terminando emocinante los sah

HERE... I'LL READ IT FOR YOU... IT SAYS...

Monday... I spoke to Colonel Gomez. All is in readiness for the flight. I dare not write details even in this, my diary.

The situation has deteriorated so. I have been betrayed by the peasant gangster spies. I am surrounded by informers.

y el dia de las elecciones ya terminado vuelven las quedar tarde desiertas un emocionante los papeles las titulares con quedan ha tarda, y las calles pape iertas

Tuesday... My belongings are aboard. I have allowed Colonel Gomez to select a crew. I do not trust him but there is no one else to turn to...

THERE WILL BE A CREW OF FIVE, MY LEADER. ALL YOUR BELONGINGS ARE ABOARD !

GOOD! WE TAKE OFF AT DAWN!

My door is locked as I write this. I know they are all planning to kill me. I never noticed how weak Gomez looked before. I wonder....

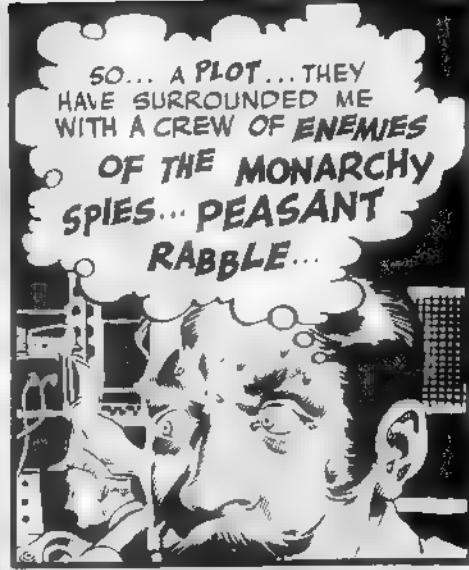
WE ARE READY, MY LEADER !

NOK NOK

Colonel Gomez looks like a spy ..... sometimes I think I imagine things ... but I cannot be too careful.... I am surrounded by enemies....

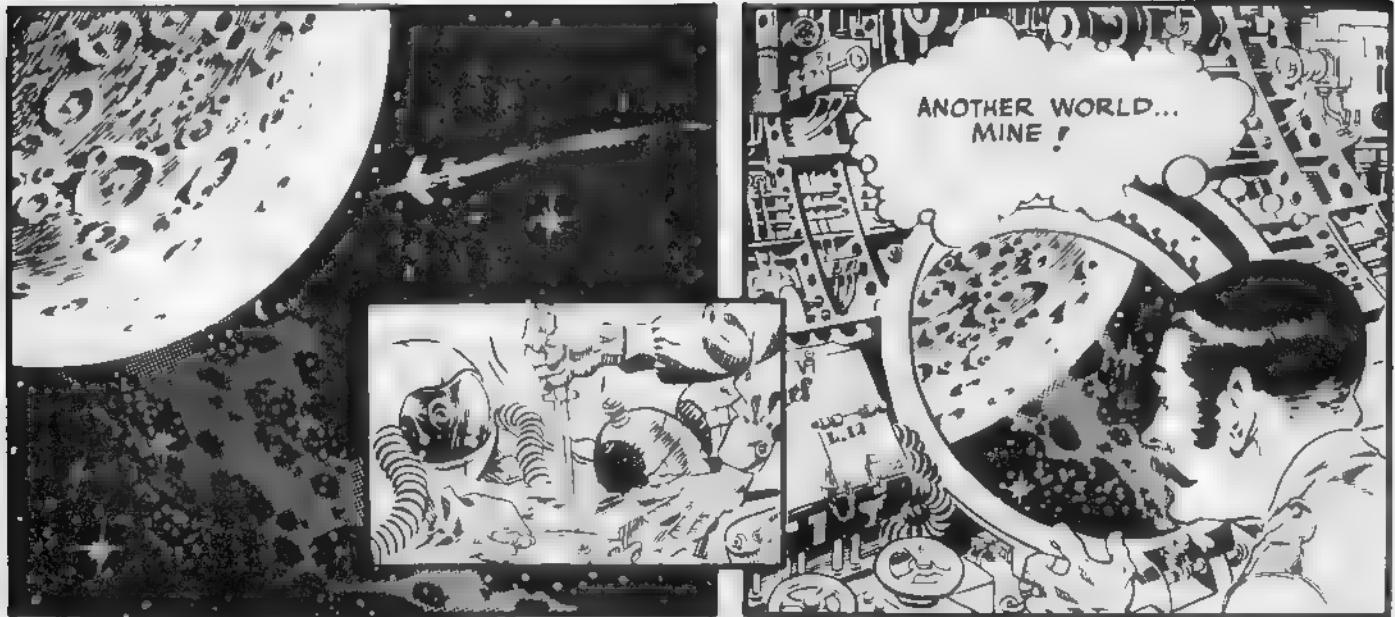
HAIL O' LEADER ! WHEN NEXT THIS DOOR OPENS YOU WILL BE LOOKING AT THE MOON !

Wednesday... We are in space.



I am sure of it now. The crew Gomez picked are all spies. It is a plot. I must not let them know that I have discovered their scheme...

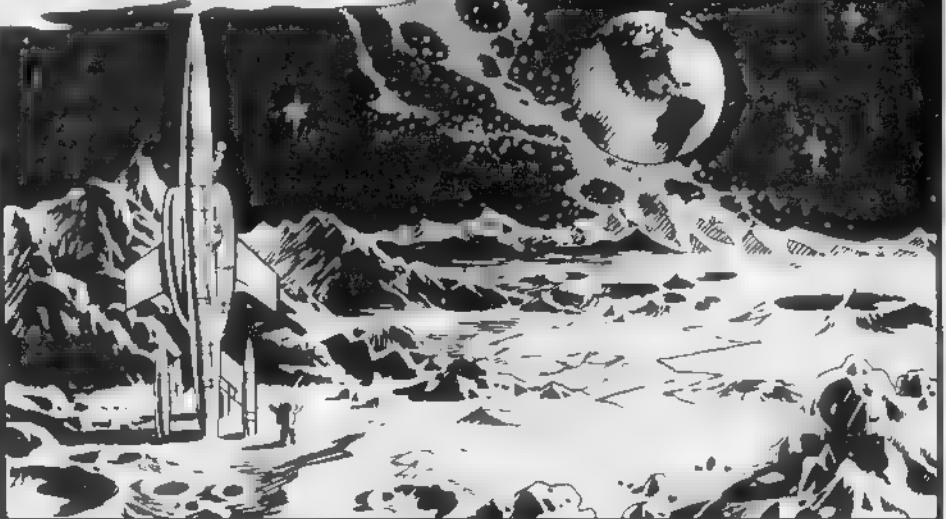




ANOTHER WORLD...  
MINE !

We have arrived safely  
on the moon. They plan  
to kill me today. I am  
certain They are mad...  
all of them !

It is an odd feeling. The air is so light...ah, but  
there is no air!....I forget...and my space suit is  
the good one...



The others are following me out...



They exploded! I did not know they  
would explode. None of them ever  
noticed that I had weakened the  
seams of their suits....



They are all dead. I have thwarted the plot!

Monday... I climbed around many rocks and craters. I saw much and I am tired. The space suit is clumsy and I am lonely...

THE MOON  
IS  
MINE!!



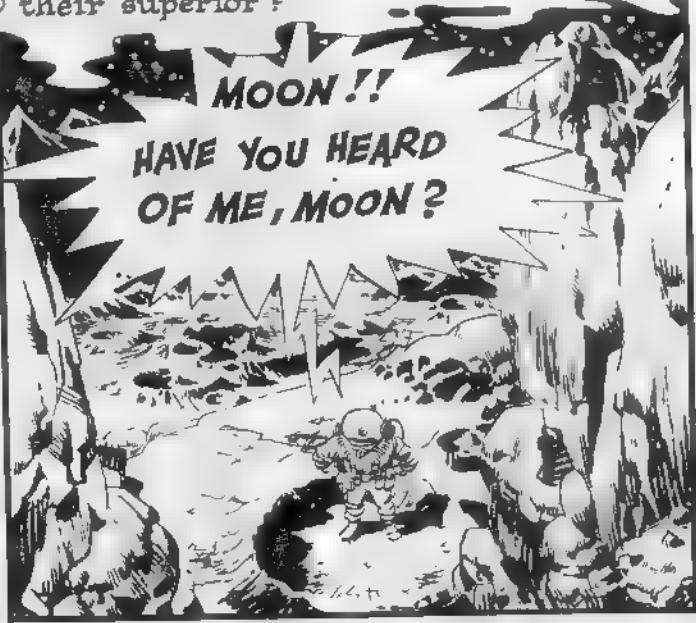
Tuesday... All day I stayed in the ship. I am the king of space. It is a thankless monarchy...

Wednesday... What is there to master? How can I tell these craters that I am their superior?

MOTHERLAND.. WHAT I  
WOULD GIVE TO SEE YOU!  
YOU!! \*#ΦΦΦΦΦ SPIES!  
THEY DID THIS!



MOON!!  
HAVE YOU HEARD  
OF ME, MOON?



I AM RIVERA!  
LISTEN MOON... I  
AM YOUR MASTER!  
YOU ARE MINE!  
MINE!!

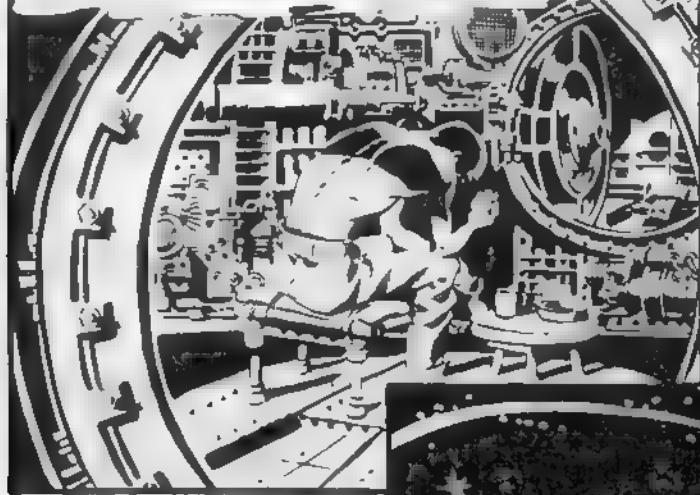
THEY WANTED TO  
TAKE OVER!

IT WAS MY MISSION! I  
HAD TO KILL THEM!

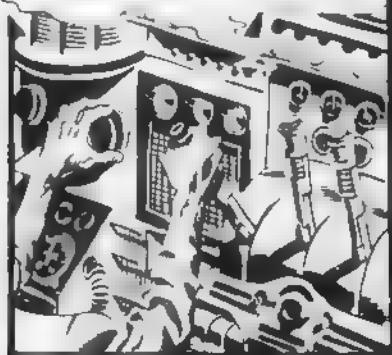


What day is it? I do not know... here there is no day... no night. How long have I been here? I do not know. The food supply grows short...

Now the oxygen supply grows short. It was to last a year. Could a year have gone by? I have trouble remembering... Sometimes I forget my name...



I have studied the ship and Colonel Gomez's log. If I can get it started I will be all right. I must try to return to earth or I will die...



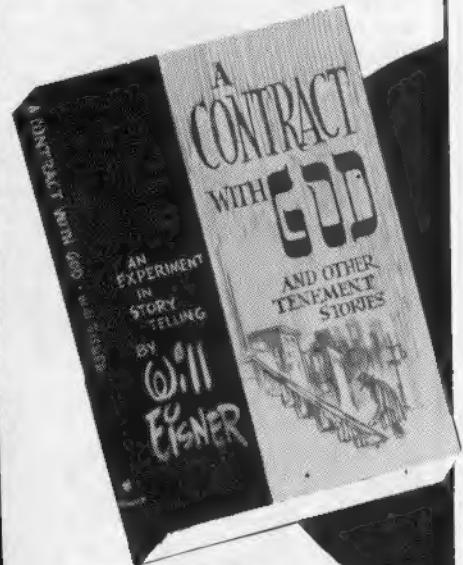


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MEN HONOR THEIR  
AGREEMENTS...

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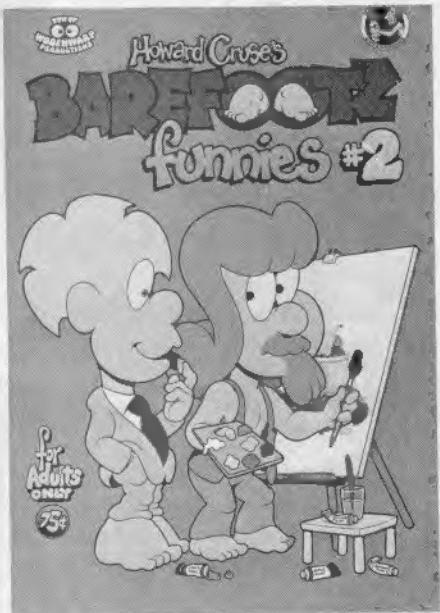
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I am over 18 (sign) \_\_\_\_\_

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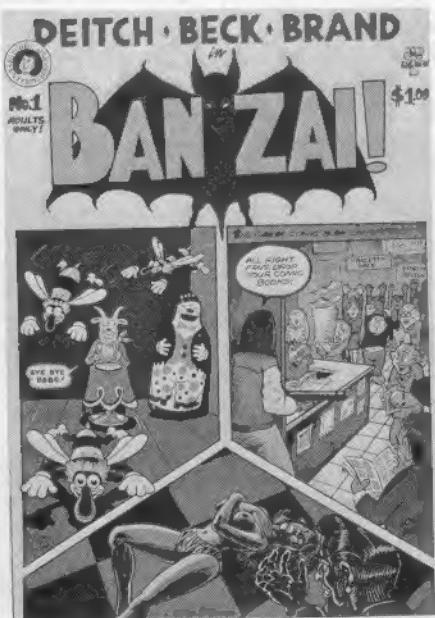
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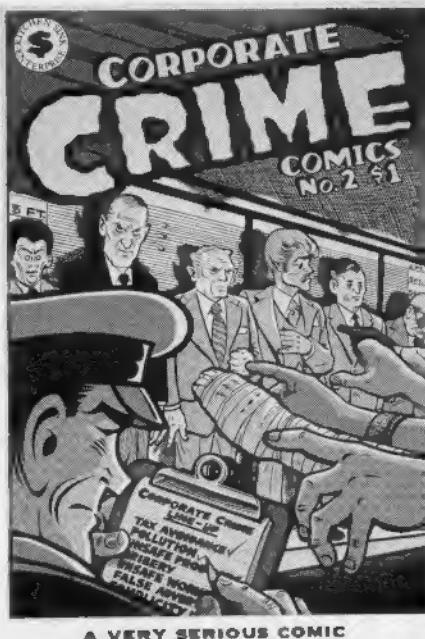


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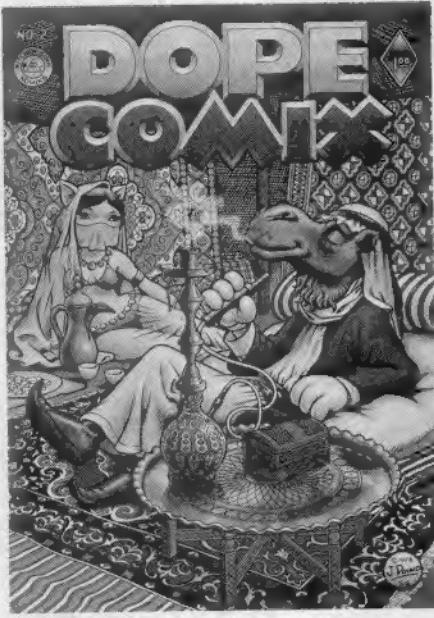
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WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

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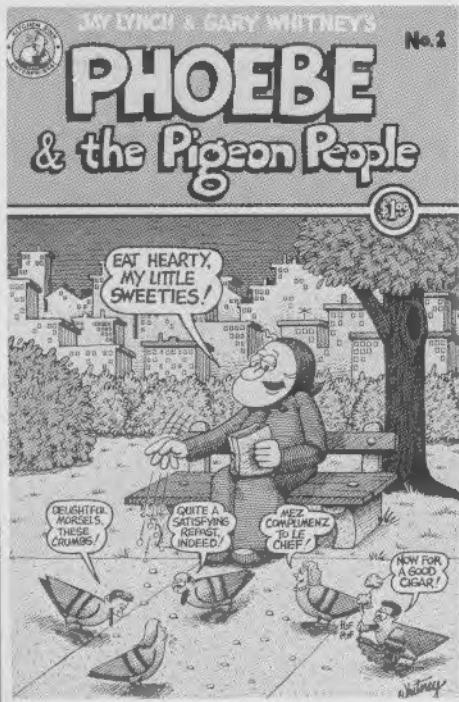
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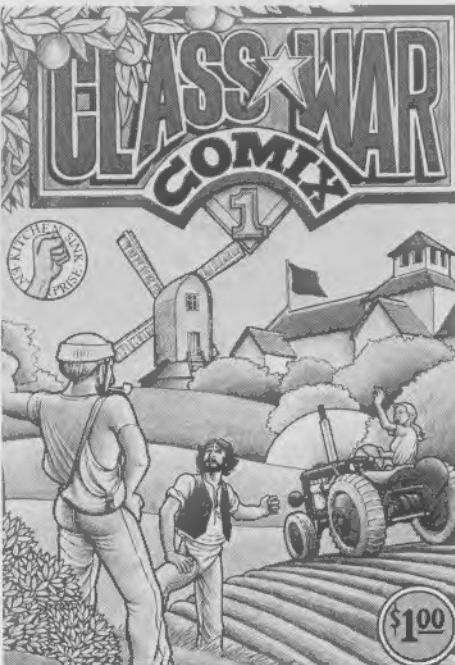
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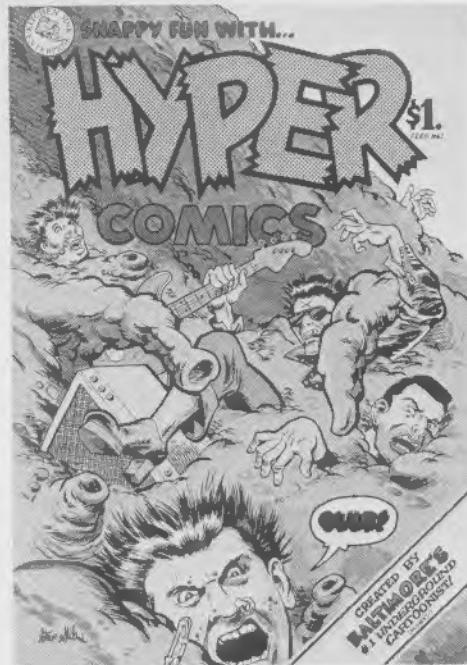
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